

The Top o' the Hill.

Some folk in this world hae nae patience ava,
They fairly lose heart if they happen to fa'.
When misfortune appears they flee in despair,
And say that o' strife they've mair than their share.

Nae mairter hoo low in the glaur ye hae fell,
Ye'll aye meet wi' somebody waur than yersel'.
Jist tak my advice and I'll bet you a gill
That ye will ascend to the top o' the hill.

Look weel to the future, think not o' the past,
Hope for the sunshine,—prepare for the blast,
Be careful and steady, be sober and wise,
And heed not though others yer efforts despise.
It's not by the gossip o' others we live,
For it we need help it's but little they'll give,
It's by perseverance, by patience and skill,
That we can get up to the top o' the hill.

Fecht on, dinna rest till yer labour is done,
And then ye can bask in the rays o' the sun,
Heed not though the lip of contempt be cur'd,
Be honest and just before God and the world.
Remember that Rome in a day wisna built,
There is no use o' cryin' o'er milk that is spilt,
At the aul, the plough, the loom, or the quill,
You can work yersel' up to the top o' the hill.

—John Macaulay.

COMMENTS.

The following numbers of the *Rugbeian* are wanted by a subscriber—15, 40, 41. Can any one oblige him?

Hamlet's opinion of the Rugby Cornet Band: "It will discourse most excellent music."—*Act ii., sc. 2.*

We much regret our Wartburg letter, with other correspondence, is crowded out this week. Being an anniversary edition, Rugby claims the lion's share of attention.

Motto for the Band, from Charles Lamb, suggested by a cynic:

"Sentimentally, we are disposed to harmony, But organically we are incapable of a tune."

It was announced last Sunday evening that the time of worship, at the evening service in Christ Church, will be, from October to May, at seven o'clock, instead of half-past seven.

News comes across the water of the marriage of Mr. Henry D. Boyle and Miss Robinson, both well known in Rugby as early colonists, and, till lately, residents here. We cordially wish them health, long life, prosperity and happiness.

We have been requested to announce that the first anniversary of the Rugby Union Sunday School will be celebrated in Christ Church to-morrow evening, at seven o'clock, and that all interested are cordially invited to be present.

Mr. B. Campbell, of London, England, has bought Mr. J. R. Haigh's farm, near Rugby. Mrs. Gatrell, of Marshall, Mich., has bought 150 acres just beyond Mr. Blacklock's farm; also a lot on Beacon Hill, where she intends building a residence. Miss Hannal, of Salem, Ohio, who was here a week or so ago, writes that she hopes to be a settler in Rugby before the winter.

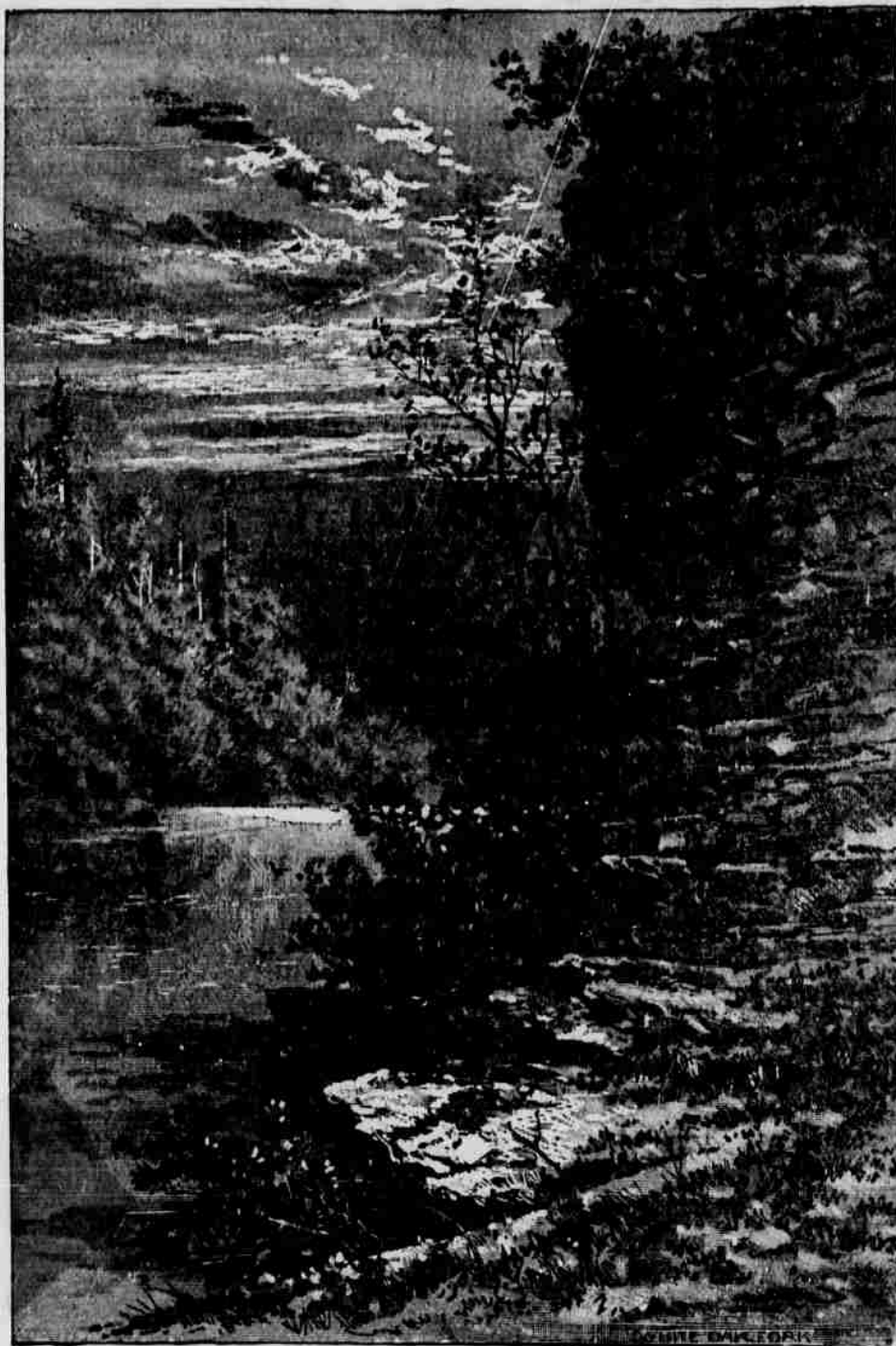
Mr. T. Hughes is on his way to America on a short visit to his settlement of New Rugby.

The above paragraph has once more been traveling among the newspapers, which said newspapers have, certainly, done their best, during the past twelve months, to bring Mr. Hughes across the Atlantic. We suppose the second Rugby anniversary naturally suggested that gentleman's name to the news-hunter, who, like "Sister Ann" in the fairy tale, is always on the look out for "anyone coming."

PERSONAL.—Mr. and Mrs. Lyon White, of Williamsburg, Ky., have been visiting Mrs. Winkley for a few days.—Visitors at the Tabard this week: A. L. Crawford, Cyrus Clarke and W. Kirkland, Newcastle, Pa.; M. R. Vankenn, New York; Thos. Bagley, Walter Gardner and H. Von Ghlen, Robbins, Tenn.; Geo. P. Morgan, Dr. A. Stephens, Bruno Gerut, Michigan; A. L. Jones, Wisconsin; R. Young, Ontario; M. Ahner, Saxonia, Germany; C. W. Peters and G. J. Martin, Toledo; J. H. Barnes and lady, Delphi, Ind.; Miss A. Barnes, Sunbright, H. A. Chowder, Chattanooga; J. H. Cole and W. P. Washburn, Knoxville; R. H. Lancaster, Sedgemoor.—At the Brown House the following gentlemen have been visiting: Mr. Stuart, and two sons, Salem, Ohio; Mr. Conover, Ohio; Mr. Marshall and Mr. Gardner, Robbins, Tenn.

On Thursday the school children in commemoration of the second Rugby anniversary, were kindly invited by Mrs. Hughes to spend an hour or two at her delightful residence on Central Avenue. Young Rugby began to arrive about eleven o'clock, till quite a little battalion formed for review on the verandah of the house, each lover of holidays and cakes being warmly accosted by the kind and venerable "Mother of the Colony," who always is at home among the little ones.

At a table close by, Miss Hughes and Mr. W. Hastings Hughes were making fearful havoc among a noble army of plum cakes, cutting huge slices of that ambrosia of children, but the havoc was nothing compared with that made by the juveniles. Apples then came in quick succession, followed by swinging, hide-and-seek, and games akin, till "time up," when all again filed before their thoughtful benefactress, and shaking hands bade good-bye, not soon to forget the second anniversary.—*Sidney M. Fardon, Special Correspondent.*



Our engraving represents a scene on the White Oak river, close to the point where the two rivers—the Clear Fork and the White Oak—unite their streams. That point is called the "Meeting of the Waters," and viewed from the rocks above, presents as charming a river and forest scene as poet, painter or lotus-eater could desire. The river scenery in the immediate neighborhood of Rugby is very picturesque, and from some positions is as lovely as may be found on any part of this green globe. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the rapid, splashing stream, as it winds its way, some three hundred feet below the rugged, foliage-clothed sandstone cliffs, now gently, almost unnoticeably gliding on, and then eddying and boiling in a white seething rapid. The silence, above the river, is supreme, and as one ruminates under the huge cliffs of the earlier world, among the rich ferns and flora, and looks around, and above to the blue sky, interspersing the forest trees,

"Dull must be he of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty."

For about two miles along the Clear Fork there is an excellent path winding up and down among the rocks, now close to the river, and then far up among the branches of the trees, till it bends away round the perpendicular cliffs at the junction of the rivers, and leads back to Rugby through the forest on the tops of the cliffs. This path was made by the Board of Aid, two years ago, for the purpose of showing up the most interesting scenery in our neighborhood, and it well serves its purpose. Our engraving is one that was published, some time ago, in *Harpers' Weekly*, and for the present occasion was kindly loaned us by Mr. Walton, on behalf of the Board of Aid.

ANNIVERSARY DINNER.

On Thursday evening, at the Commissary Hall, some seventy ladies and gentlemen sat down to a most excellent and elegant supper, prepared and arranged by Mr. Milnow of the Brown House, Rugby. We have not room for the menu, but can assure all outsiders it was a good one; it did not, however, do justice to nearly twice as many dishes that might well have appeared in print. There was nothing left to be desired, and the caterer deserves much praise for the promptness and way in which he performed his task, the decision to have the dinner being arrived at only a few days previously. A tasteful arrangement of Chinese lanterns, flags and flowers, and a good staff of waiters, caused the gastronomical performance to pass off with much *éclat*. Among the floral triumphs we noticed several very tasteful arrangements, two stands by Mr. Dyer, and one by Mr. Onderdonk, being very attractive. The Misses Armstrong, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Tucker, also contributed fine bouquets.

Mr. Blacklock, the President of the evening, at the conclusion of supper said, I think all the preliminaries are disposed of, and we are free to go on with the full programme before us. The first thing I have to tell you is one that will please you mightily,—the Rugby Cornet Band will play to-night. (Loud cheers.)

The band then, under the shadow of the "Stars and Stripes," which hid them from view, played extremely well, earning much applause, the widely known hymn tune called "Duke Street." The names of those who played were, C. H. Wilson, C. Blacklock, C. S. Moore, F. Moore, J. Mackinlay, and G. Rogers, under the leadership of Mr. Tucker.

Mr. Blacklock: I think the band thoroughly deserved that hearty cheer, as it proves they have a deal of moral courage to come out in public, so soon after formation. I tried one of those instruments once, and had a most hearty response from my calf, so I gave it up.

I would say to-night, to all, I wish you, and myself, a happy new year.

This is our third Rugbeian year. We are not very strong, but we are a tough little baby, and have all the elements of success. We believe we have that among us that will lift us to a high pedestal. We must succeed. A city will grow up here one day and it will be said of Rugby,

I have been there, and still would go,
Tis like a little heaven below.

There is one thing we must be very thankful for, the past year has seen no epidemic here, we have been very healthy—the shadow of death has fallen over but three families I believe.

At the request of the Chairman, Mrs. Greenwood excellently performed a solo on the pianoforte, which was well received.

Mr. W. Hastings Hughes said; When our Chairman declared just now there would be some topics ably treated this evening, I think he must have been speaking satirically, for I really don't see any topic that he has left unspoken about. Now when I am obliged to get on to my hind legs I feel to be in a very difficult position—I am such an unregenerate sherry merchant,—(laughter)—and I often get chaffed by my friends outside of Rugby upon living in what they call a teetotal ranche. (Loud laughter). I can only say I think we are better off than we were, and have a bright future before us.

A quartette, composed of Mrs. Taylor, and Messrs. Taylor, Spurrier and Tucker, then sang, very effectively, "The Storm King."

Dr. Kemp said, It is a wide spread and popular impression that a Yankee at any given time can speak on any given subject, but I am not so gifted. I can say I am glad, though, to meet so many of my neighbors around so good a table. I found when North lately a better impression generally about Rugby. I find also letters are coming in more and more, enquiring about the place. Upon coming in here to-night I was glad to see the Cornet Band, but until I saw the silhouette figures on the curtain there I had no idea of the amount of cheek it took to blow one of those instruments. (Laughter.)

Mr. Taylor and Mr. Spurrier next well sang "Old King Coal," the useful and moral one, not the other party.

Mr. Walton: I thought I had escaped this infliction by putting myself in this corner; I may say, though, I never felt better in the humor for making a speech—(hear! hear!)—but it is all taken out of me by seeing Mr. Fardon taking notes. Well, when I first came to Rugby the town was on paper only; there were but four or five houses, and some of them not finished. The first night I came I was assigned to the "Asylum,"—(laughter)—and found three other lunatics there, in charge of a keeper. He appointed me assistant keeper. We got along very well until the first rain came, and as the roof was of brown paper we, below, tried to get

plumb underneath the fellows in their hammocks above, and so managed to keep pretty dry. All the carpenters at that time were engaged in putting up a fence around the lawn tennis ground, and could not attend to such things as a roof. (Laughter.) We had only one family in Rugby at that time, and I did not expect to see, in ten years, and in such a building as this, such a gathering as we have here to-night. Sedgemoor was not in existence then, and we used the Robbins road to get to the rail, and you know what sort of a road that was. We have a beautiful road now, but we are not satisfied with that, we want a railroad. (Applause.) I was glad to see that Mr. Clarke was so enthusiastic this afternoon. I am equally enthusiastic. I have great respect for Mr. Crawford, as a man of money and brains, but we have here, remember, the science. (Hear! hear!) Mr. Crawford, who is an old hand and a good authority, expressed his surprise at the survey line being so successfully drawn. This is due to Mr. Wilson, Mr. Williams and as fine a corps of young men as ever I saw. I should be proud to accompany them in their work.

Mr. Blacklock: I can fully corroborate Mr. Walton's remark about the survey corps and their intelligence and energy, by the way they attacked my water-melons. (Laughter.)

Mrs. Greenwood next sang, with much pleasing effect, "I have been to the woods."

After a recess of ten minutes for mutual moving about and talking, Mr. Taylor resumed the speaking by remarking: We have heard now, till we know by heart, what a lovely place Rugby is to live in. I used to think that no place was equal to New Zealand, but I think now the climate here is equal to that in that island. I would just like to give you a word of caution, and that is not to overrate Rugby, it has been underrated too much, but there is a danger of going to the other extreme, and an untruth must come home at last. I think, however, our prospects are healthy.

The Chairman then sang in first-rate style, bringing down much applause, "Home they brought her warrior dead."

Mr. Tucker: Upon these occasions I am always drawn back to our early Rugby days, they were remarkably singular in many respects, but I feel more certain as to the success of Rugby than ever I was. I should like to say to-night I think the success attending the library is owing much to Mr. Wilson, who often out of his own pocket met pressing liabilities, and in other ways assisted us very much. I would propose a vote of thanks for his kind work.

The motion was seconded by Mr. Walton, and carried with enthusiasm.

Mr. Wilson, in acknowledging the vote, said, I am indeed overcome by this unparalleled gratitude you have given me, and am amply repaid, and will try and do as well in the future, so now I hope you will let me sit down.

Mr. Milnow next came out strong in "Paddy's the Boy," fairly bringing down the house.

Mr. Blacklock: Before we separate we must tender to the venerable lady at my right, Mrs. Hughes, our heartiest hopes and wishes that she may for many years live among us, and that she has our warmest sympathy and regard. This was received with much applause, after which Mrs. Hughes remarked, with much feeling, "Thank you, thank you all."

The "Old Hundredth" was next played by the Band, who this time overcame their modesty sufficiently to allow of their performance being seen as well as heard.

Then followed Mr. Charles Blacklock, with a neat speech, proposing thanks all round.

Mr. Ross remarked he was glad he was there that night, it is my second meeting with Rugbeians, and I hope it won't be my last. I might say not one of the many visitors at the Tabard this season has spoken of Rugby but with the highest praise. There is a talk of a railroad here. I was an early settler in Kansas, and think there is more for the rail here than there was in that state then. I hope to see the section in which Rugby is, one of the finest in the country.

The National Anthems of this country, and the old, being played by the Band, the audience singing, the second Rugby anniversary came to a very successful termination.

The annual meeting of the Teachers' Institute was held at Huntsville, Scott county, on the 14th September. Mr. H. B. Lindsay was chosen president, and Mr. C. W. Murphy, secretary. Mr. Lindsay's opening address was very interesting. The discussion on methods of teaching was very instructive, and many systems were presented. The attendance was not large.

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NOTICE!
BOARD OF AID TOLL-GATE.
TICKETS at SPECIAL RATES for the Sedgemoor Road may be bought by applying at the Board of Aid Office, Rugby, Tenn.
September 22nd, 1882.

A Letter from Fred. C. Fisher, Esq.
RUGBY, MORGAN CO., TENN., June 21, '81.

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